

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Krazy"

(feat. Bad Ass)

[2Pac:]

Throw me a cigarette, dawg! [\*inhales\*]  
They got me feelin' crazier than a motherfucker  
I got Bad Azz in this motherfucker  
Makaveli the Don, representin' the Outlawz  
Bad Azz representin' the LBC Crew  
So what'cha wanna do? Y'know how we do it

[2Pac:]

Puffin' on lye, hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
Oh yeah, I feel crazy

(Tell 'em about it!)

[2Pac:]

Last year was a hard one, but life goes on  
Hold my head against the wall, learnin' right from wrong  
They say my ghetto instrumental, detrimental to kids  
As if they can't see the misery in which they live  
Blame me for the outcome, ban my records – check it  
Don't have to bump this, but please respect it  
I took a minus and now the hard times are behind us  
Turned into a plus, now they stuck livin' blinded  
Hennessy got me feelin' bad, time to stop drinkin'  
Rollin' in my drop-top Jag, what's that cops thinkin'?  
Sittin' in my car, watch the stars and smoke  
I came a long way, but still I got so far to go  
Dear mama, don't worry; I'ma watch for snakes  
Tell Setchu that I love her, but it's hard today  
I got the letter that she sent me, and I cried for weeks  
This what came out when I tried to speak – all I heard was...

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga going' crazy  
I feel crazy  
Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
I feel crazy

(One, two, three, four)

[2Pac:]

I see bloods and crips runnin' up the hill  
Lookin' for a better way  
My brothers and sisters, it's time to bail  
'Cause even thug niggas pray  
Hopin' God hear me, I entered the game  
Look how much I changed  
I'm no longer innocent – casualties of fame  
Made a lot of money, seen a lot of places  
And I swear I seen a peaceful smile on my mama's face  
When I gave her the keys to her own house, this your land  
Your only son done became a man  
Watchin' time fly, I love my people, do or die  
But I wonder why we scared to let each other fly  
June 1-6, '7-1, the day  
Mama pushed me out her womb, told me, "Nigga, get paid!"  
No one can understand me – the black sheep  
Outcasted from my family, now packin' heat  
I run the streets, a young runaway, live for today  
When he died, I could hear him say... (Thug Life, baby!)

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
I feel crazy  
Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
Crazy  
Crazy  
Crazy  
I feel crazy (crazy)

[Bad Azz:]

God, help me out here, 'cause I'm possessed  
I need the root of all evil for my stress  
'Cause money's like a strong prescription drug  
It's got me addicted to the pleasure and the pain it inflicted  
Somethin' about the paper with the pictures of the president's head, damn, it's like a motherfuckin' plague that  
spread  
It's epidemic; forgotten, forgotten it got worse  
I keep my head on straight, makin' money 'cause it's cursed  
Makin' money makes a difference day by day  
So I gotta stay paid, no doubt, day in and day out  
This life is like a vicious cycle called fightin' to live  
No matter how hard you try, it's in death, you gotta die  
A lot of my peers didn't make it to the years to come  
Did life doin' right or did life livin' dumb  
Who has the answers? I wonder; I turn to my elders  
They aged and experienced, but they can't even tell ya  
Or tell me, that there'll be light at the end of the road  
(Why?) 'Cause they don't even know  
A million things run through my mind (through my mind)

You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time  
(You ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time)

[2Pac:]

Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy  
I feel crazy  
Time goes by, puffin' on lye  
Hopin' that it gets me high  
Got a nigga goin' crazy

[2Pac:]

I feel fucked up in this bitch  
I smoked half a ounce to the head. Chocolate Thai, indo, Hawaiian, lambsbread, Buddha – all that shit!  
I'm fucked up in this motherfucker  
And Hennessy don't help  
And Hennessy don't help  
Thug Passion in this muh'fucker  
Makaveli the Don puttin' it down to the fullest  
Maximum overload  
3 Day Theory – Killuminati to your body  
With the impact of a 12 gauge shotty  
Double-I slugs, no love, straight thugs

One time for my niggas in the jail cell, (One time for my niggas locked up)  
One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell, (One time for my niggas and shit, one time)  
One time for my niggas in the jail cell (One time)  
One time for my niggas doin' life in Hell (One time for my niggas locked down)  
One time for my niggas on the Death Row  
(One time for my niggas on the Row)  
For my niggas on Death Row  
One time for my niggas livin' broke (Westside, California style, LA!)  
One time for my niggas livin' broke (You know what time it is, no doubt)  
One time for my niggas in the jail cell (Get high, puffin' on lye)  
Wonder if it get me high, yeah

Thanks to K21 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Harper Marvin Darrell, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stamps Jamarr Antonio